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JULY
DIGITAL EDITION
DEADLY TALES OF THE
GUNSLINGER
PALMIOTTI
REYNOLDS
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DEADLY TALES OF THE GUNSLINGER

SPAWN'S UNIVERSE 92 25

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PREVIOUSLY IN DEADLY TALES OF THE *GUNSLINGER*

The Gunslinger makes an uneasy alliance with Zayanya as they search for a common enemy.

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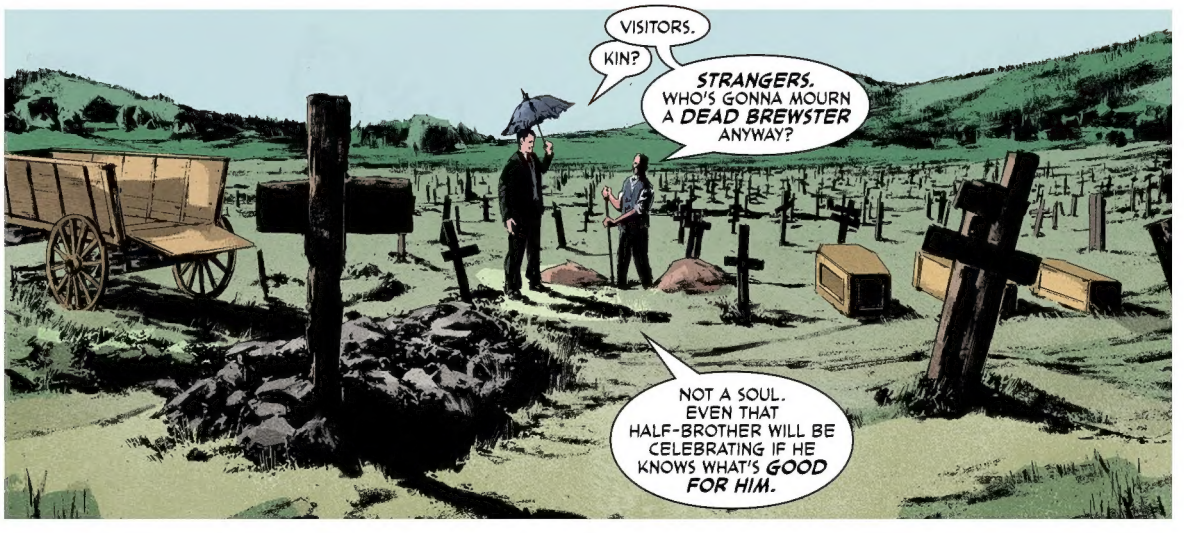
ARISTOTLE SAID THAT A COMMON DANGER UNITES EVEN THE BITTEREST ENEMIES.
FOR GUNSLINGER, HAVING ZYANYA RIDING ALONGSIDE HIM TO FIND AND KILL THE MAN NAMED CAPTAIN LANE WAS JUST THE RIGHT KIND OF JUSTICE HE WAS USED TO BRANDISHING BEFORE HE BECAME WHAT HE IS TODAY.
IF LOOKS COULD KILL

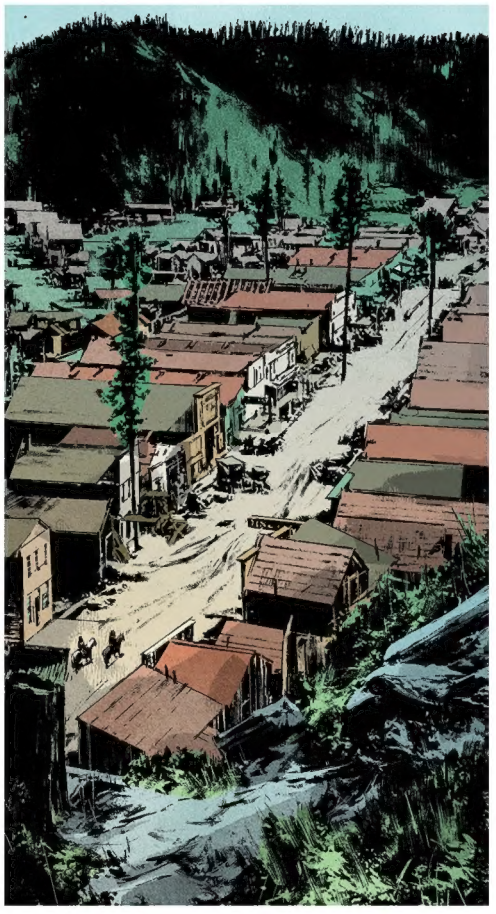
STOP.

I'LL SCOUT FOR INFO ON LANE. YOU STAY HERE.
IT'LL JUST COMPLICATE THINGS.

GOOD.

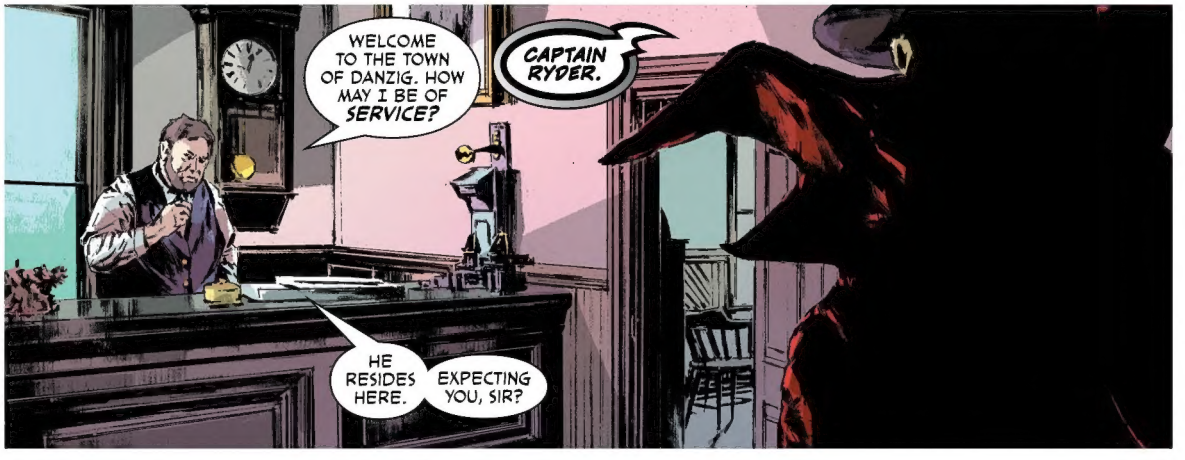

VISITORS.
KIN?
STRANGERS. WHO'S GONNA MOURN A DEAD BREWSTER ANYWAY?
NOT A SOUL. EVEN THAT HALF-BROTHER WILL BE CELEBRATING IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM.

YOU ANSWERING THE CALL?
NO. ANY MILITARY AROUND?
CAPTAIN RYDER. AT THE MEADE, IN TOWN.
SOME ADVICE, YOUNG MAN. HER KIND'S NOT WELCOME IN DANZIG.
IF YOU'D LIKE, SHE COULD STAY AT THE CHURCH TILL YOUR BUSINESS IS CONCLUDED. FOR A DONATION.
NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
GOT IT.
BABY
BABY
BABY
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
AIN'T SEEN NOTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE.
I GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THAT ONE FOR SURE.



HOTEL
SALOON
STAY HERE.
I'M PICKING UP SOME SUPPLIES.

STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.


WELCOME TO THE TOWN OF DANZIG. HOW MAY I BE OF SERVICE?
CAPTAIN RYDER.
HE RESIDES HERE.
EXPECTING YOU, SIR?

WHICH ROOM?
I'M SURE HE WON'T MIND THE COMPANY.
ROOM 2D.

EXCUSE ME.
RYDER?
HE'S, PASSED OUT AS USUAL.

CAPTAIN RYDER?
I'M NO CAPTAIN ANYMORE... LEAVE ME ALONE.

I'LL LEAVE, BUT I'VE GOT QUESTIONS.
I'M LOOKING FOR CAPTAIN LANE.

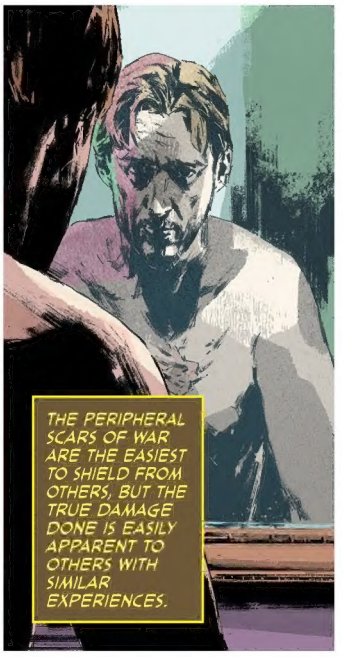
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT THAT MADMAN?

I'M FIXING TO KILL HIM.

YOU EVER HEAR THE SAYING ROTTEN FRUIT FALLS ON ITS OWN EVENTUALLY?

FINE.
MEET ME AT THE HOTEL BAR DOWNSTAIRS IN 15 MINUTES. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

GUNSLINGER HAS SEEN HIS TYPE BEFORE, MANY TIMES.
ONCE A PROUD SOLDIER WITH A CAUSE, NOW REDUCED TO A LOST SOUL BATTLING HIS DEMONS WITH A BOTTLE.


THE PERIPHERAL SCARS OF WAR ARE THE EASIEST TO SHIELD FROM OTHERS, BUT THE TRUE DAMAGE DONE IS EASILY APPARENT TO OTHERS WITH SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

THERE IS NO LEAVING HIS PAST LIFE BEHIND.

THIS MAN'S SAD REALITY IS THAT HIS MEMORIES HAVE MADE A HOME IN HIS HEART AND FOR BETTER OR WORSE, HE CONTINUES TO TAKE COMFORT IN THEM.

EVEN AS THEY TEAR HIM APART.

HEY MIKE, HOW MUCH FOR THE *SQUAW* BACK THERE?

COME ON, VIC. QUIT KIDDING AROUND.
YOU TELLING ME YOU DON'T *OWN HER,* OR I JUST CAN'T *BUY HER* FROM YA?

TAKE IT OUTSIDE, BOYS. I DON'T WANT NO *TROUBLE* IN HERE.
WHAT *TROUBLE?*

I CAN *BUY YOU* THAT PAN IF YOU LIKE, YOUNG LADY.
I'M SURE WE CAN WORK OUT A *TRADE* OF SOME SORT.

I HAVE MY OWN CURRENCY, THANK YOU.
I WILL *ASK* THAT YOU REMOVE YOUR HAND FROM MY SHOULDER.

PLEASE.

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SPEAK SO PRETTY? SOMEONE IN TOWN *OWN YOU?* I KNOW ALL THE FOLKS AROUND HERE.
MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF *FANNIE'S NEW GIRLS,* HUH?
THAT'S GOTTA BE IT. CAME IN WITH THE *NEW WHORES* LAST WEEK. THOUGHT YOU LOOKED A LITTLE *TOO CLEAN.*
I'M *WARNING* YOU. MOVE YOUR HAND, OR I'LL *TAKE IT OFF* MYSELF.
LAST CHANCE.
LOOK AT THAT! THE SAVAGE THINKS SHE'S GOT A SAY IN THE MATTER!
TOLD YOU, MIKE. THESE ANIMALS DON'T KNOW THEIR PLACE.

ARRRGGGHHHH!
SHE CUT OFF MY HAND!
SHE TOOK MY HAND!

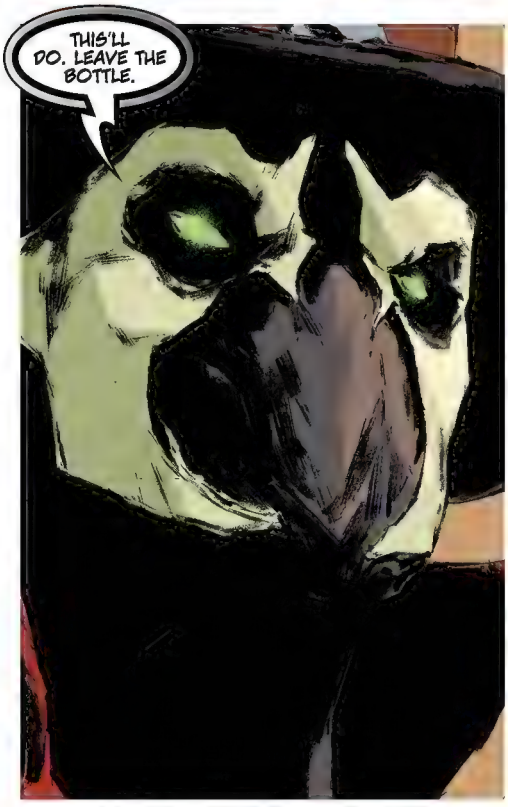
HERE, TAKE IT BACK.

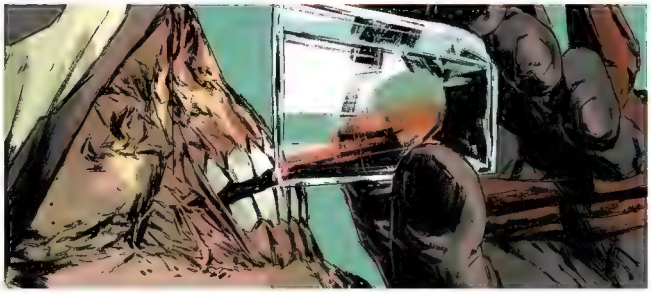
KRACK

SIMON, TAKE THEM TO THE BARN AND SEND BENNY TO GET THE DOC.
TIE HER UP GOOD.

ONCE VIC IS ABLE, I'M SURE HE'S GONNA WANT SOME PAYBACK.

NEED ANYTHING ELSE, SUGAR? KITCHEN'S STILL *OPEN.*
THEY TELL ME TO PUSH THE OYSTER FRITTERS, BUT BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE VEAL WON'T LEAVE YOU REGRETTIN' IT COME MORNIN'.


THIS'LL DO. LEAVE THE BOTTLE.



MASK LIKE THAT... MOST MEN'D WEAR IT TO *HIDE* SOMETHIN' ROTTEN INSIDE.
BUT YOU? SEEMS MORE LIKE YOU'RE SPARIN' FOLKS THEIR *APPETITE.*
THEY SURE DID A NUMBER ON YOU.

LANE.

LANE'S THE ONE THAT CARVED YOU UP?
NO. WORSE.
SO, YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GUNSLINGER, HUH? LOOKIN' TO PUT A BULLET IN THAT MADMAN? IS THAT HOW IT'S GONNA GO?
THAT'S HOW IT'LL GO.
WHERE IS HE?
LANE DON'T RIDE ALONE. HE'S GOT MORE THAN TWENTY MEN, ALL SWORN TO HIM. MEN WHO FIND JOY IN KILLIN'.
MEN WHO'VE TURNED IT INTO A FINE ART.
LANE'S BEEN ON A RAMPAGE SINCE THE WAR. OBSESSED WITH KILLIN' INDIANS, AND NO LAWMAN'S CARED ENOUGH TO STOP HIM.
HELL, I'D WAGER THEY PREFER TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.
MY ADVICE? LET IT BE. WHATEVER QUARREL YOU'VE GOT WITH LANE, LEAVE IT IN THE DUST AND LIVE WHILE YOU STILL CAN.
WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

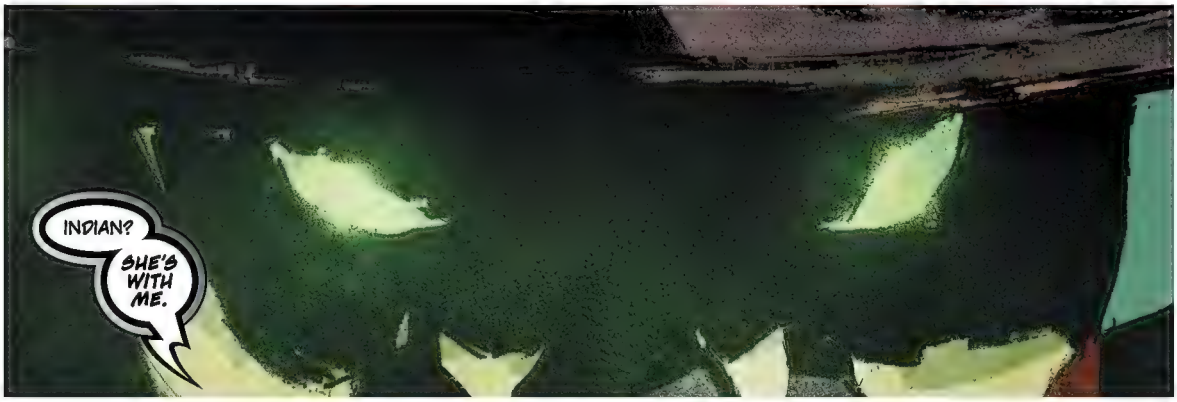
I SEE HOW IT IS, KID. THIS IS *PERSONAL.* BUT UNLESS YOU'VE GOT AN ARMY IN YOUR BACK POCKET, I DON'T SEE MUCH OF A *FUTURE FOR YOU.*

IMPATIENCE GETS THE BEST OF A MAN. EVEN WISE ONES DO FOOLISH THINGS.
I'M JUST TRYIN' TO HELP.
FINE. HE'S HEADIN' NORTHWEST. FOUR DAYS OUT, TOWN CALLED *VULGATE.*

CAPTAIN RYDER, IF I COULD HAVE A WORD?
WHAT IS IT?

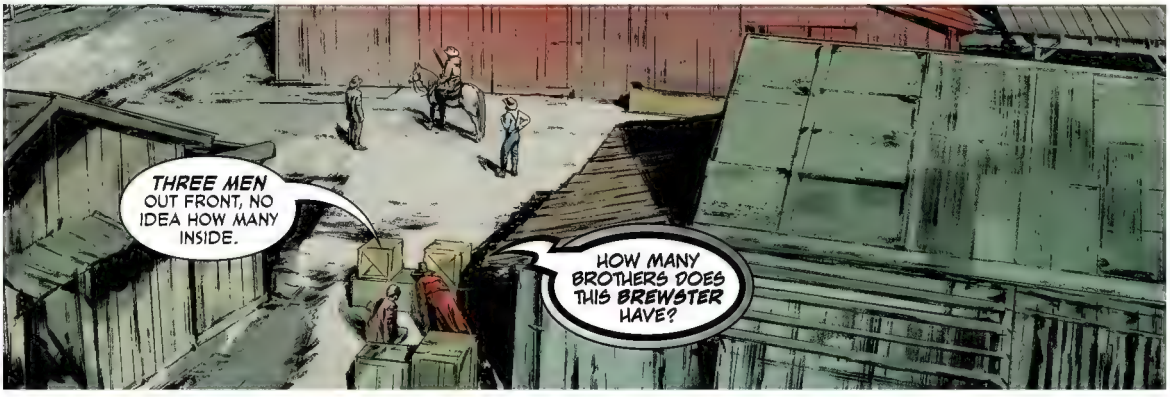
WORD IS VIC BREWSTER HAD A *RUN-IN* WITH A *WOMAN* AT THE GENERAL STORE.
BROTHERS DRAGGED HER OFF TO THE STABLE FOR *PAYBACK.*
BAD PAYBACK.

I AIN'T A SOLDIER ANYMORE! IT AIN'T MY PROBLEM!
THE BOY SAID SHE'S AN *INDIAN.* YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'LL DO...

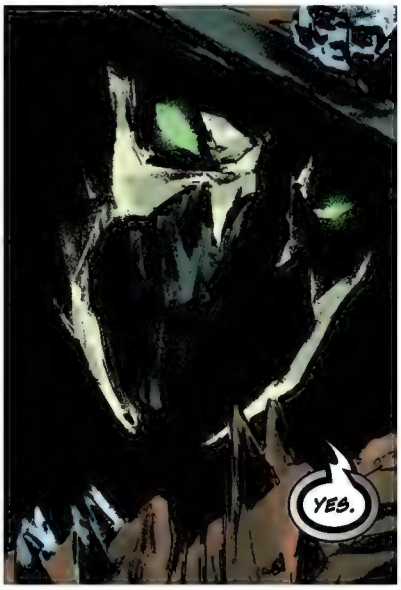

INDIAN?
SHE'S WITH ME.

SHE YOUR LADY?
NO.

FOLLOW ME, I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.


THREE MEN OUT FRONT, NO IDEA HOW MANY INSIDE.
HOW MANY BROTHERS DOES THIS BREWSTER HAVE?

FIVE TOTAL. ONE I PUT IN THE GROUND, ONE IN THE SHERIFF'S CELL FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION, AND MY GUESS THE OTHER TWO ARE INSIDE SINCE NONE OF THOSE MEN IS A BREWSTER.
SHE THAT IMPORTANT TO YOU?


YES.

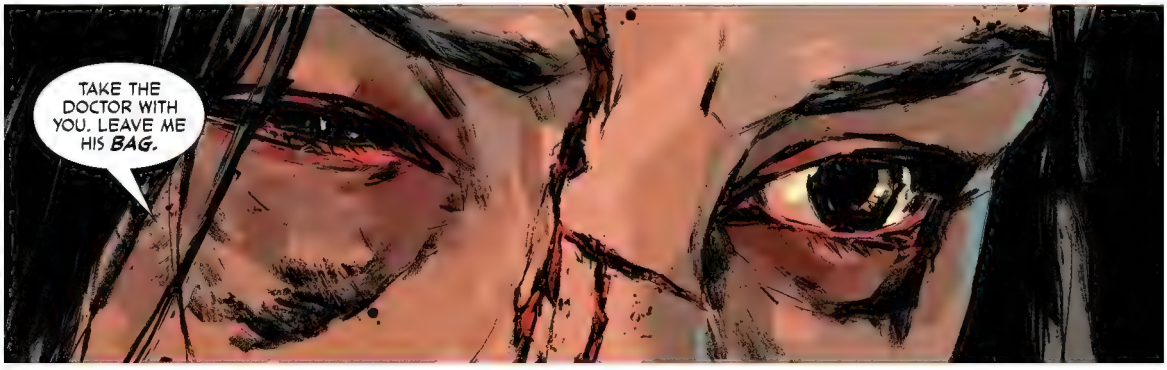
MR. BREWSTER, PLEASE STOP THIS MADNESS! YOU NEED TO REST. YOU'VE LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD.
DOC, ONE MORE WORD OUTTA YOU, AND YOU'LL BE NEXT.
SHUT YOUR DAMN MOUTH. TRYIN' TO THINK HERE.
NOW... WHERE WERE WE?
OH YEAH. I REMEMBER NOW.
Uhhhh.
I AM GOING TO RIP OUT YOUR HEART AND WATCH IT BURN.

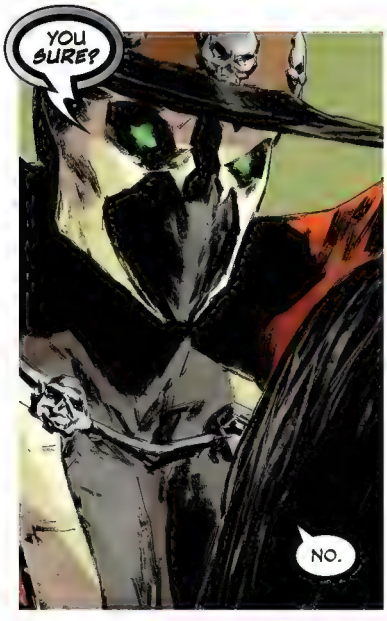
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?
BEFORE YOU BUST HER UP, HOW 'BOUT LETTIN' YOUR BROTHER HAVE A TASTE?
DOC'S NOT WRONG, THOUGH. LOOK AT YOU.
YEAH... FEELIN' KINDA LIGHT-HEADED.
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T KILL HER. THAT'S MY JOB.
I AIN'T HERE TO KILL.
JUST GONNA HAVE A LITTLE FUN.
PIG.
THAT'LL COME IN HANDY, SWEETHEART.

WAIT. WE NEED A PLAN.
NO TIME.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

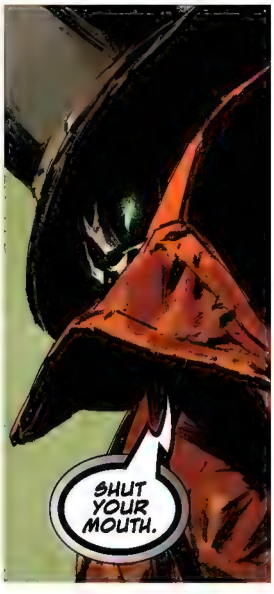
KRAKKK
SON OF A...
BLAM
BAM
BLAM

YOU ALRIGHT?


TAKE THE DOCTOR WITH YOU. LEAVE ME HIS BAG.


YOU SURE?
NO.

WAIT... YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE WITH HER...


SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

GUNSLINGER STANDS QUIETLY AS THE TORTURED SCREAMS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY AROUND THEM. TROUBLED BY THE FACT THAT THEY ARE HAVING A CALMING EFFECT ON HIM.
HE WONDERS WHAT HER GODS MUST THINK OF HER ACTIONS, BUT THAT THOUGHT ENDS ABRUPTLY AS THE LAST SCREAM...

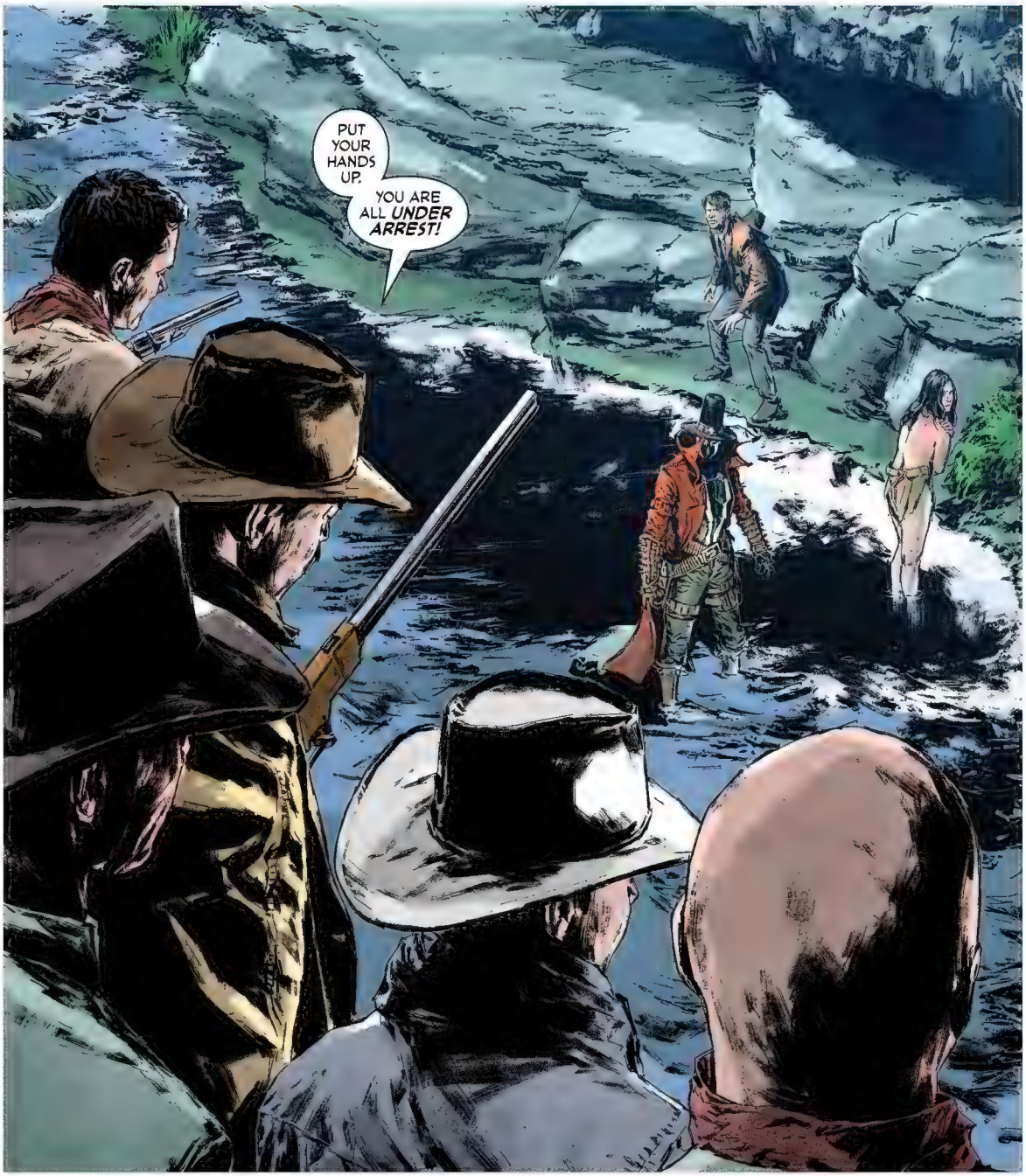
COME.

LANE?
RYAN?

I'LL HELP YOU BOTH... BUT WE'LL NEED *NUMBERS.*
PROFESSIONALS, IF POSSIBLE. HARD TO FIND AROUND HERE WITH THE *MISSING CHILDREN THING* GOING ON.

THE *MASS GRAVE* I SAW...
EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

I AM SHERIFF BEHAN.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